

# Painting Greys

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## Painting Greys by morlawny

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**Genre:** Angst, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Homophobic Language, M/M, Strong Language, Violence, but i also love hurting them, i promise i love them

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**Summary:**

Eddie and Richie are cornered by Henry Bowers' gang, and Eddie takes the brunt of his rage.

It ends with something Eddie's been waiting for for what seems like forever.

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### Author's Note:

Greetings all! I completely forgot to post this here from my [tumblr](#) and I apologize for that. I hope you all like angst, because I SURE DO. :-)) I hope you enjoy it!

“Eddie, don’t fall asleep... Eddie, *please!*”

Dark fogginess... That was all Eddie could see. A very blurry figure that possibly resembled Richie was right above him, shouting things he couldn’t understand. His head felt like it’d been hit by a freight train, and he was sure he was bleeding. His chest rose and fell slowly, shakily with each breath, as if he’d been kicked in the chest, which he did. Henry had been *extremely* pissed, and Eddie and Richie just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. All Richie could do was watch helplessly as Henry unleashed his fury on the smaller boy, while Belch and Patrick held him back.

“Eddie, you have to stay awake until the ambulance gets here, please...”

They were gone now, thankfully. His gaze shifted from the blurry images of Richie and moved upward, toward the canopy of trees that shook gently in summer breeze. He couldn’t tell that Richie’s voice was breaking with every other word, that tears were pouring from his face and falling onto his own body. Instead, he kept his fading attention on the trees, finding comfort in them as he reluctantly let his eyes fall closed and he finally slipped into unconsciousness, but not before hearing Richie’s breaking voice, clear as day,

“Why couldn’t it have been me?”

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“You’re fucking *dead*, faggot!” Henry’s voice was like venom dripping from his lips as he approached the smaller boy, fists clenched.

Eddie knew it was futile to try and run away, but his flight response

was overwhelming. He and Richie both tried to run, but not before being caught up with and tackled to the ground by Belch and Victor. He fell with a hard thud to the ground, and let out a sharp breath of pain as Victor's heavier body collided with his own. He was dazed as the older boy picked him up and shoved him back over to Henry, stumbling a few times as he tried to compose himself.

Henry got close to his face, and his piercing glare making Eddie shudder with fear. "Thought runnin' would work, huh? Not today, gay boy," he growled, aiming a hard punch directly into his gut. The brunette struggled feebly afterward, wheezing frantically. It was a solid punch, and he knew it was only going to get worse from there. Henry was on a mission, and he wasn't going to stop until Eddie was either unconscious or dead. Probably the latter.

"Leave him alone, you piece of shit!" Richie shouted angrily from beside him, restrained by Belch's much stronger arms. Eddie continued to wheeze, taking deep breaths to try and make the pain stop, but it just ended up hurting more. Henry took Richie's words as a challenge, however, and delivered another sharp punch, this time to Eddie's face.

Eddie's head flew back from the force of the punch, and he was very sure he heard the unmistakable sound of bone breaking. Warmth began to flood to his nose, which was *definitely* broken. He would have gagged at the sound, but the fear of his current situation kept him from doing so. He wasn't prepared for what happened next.

Victor suddenly let him go, and Eddie dropped like a rag doll to the ground, onto his hands and knees. His whole body shook with a mixture of fear and pain, and he winced as he saw blood drip from his face and onto the ground. He made the mistake of looking up at Henry with a pleading expression, choking out the word, "Please..."

Blind with rage, Henry landed a hard kick to Eddie's ribs, knocking him to the ground with a solid thud. The brunette continued to wheeze, and tears streamed from his eyes as Henry continued to kick him, over and over, for almost thirty seconds.

He could hear Richie's voice screaming near him, breaking as tears streamed down his face, "Stop! Stop it!!!"

The pleading seemed to work, surprisingly. The last kick Henry landed was on Eddie's head, near his temple, causing Eddie's still body to jerk. Belch and Victor seemed nervous at the amount of damage done to the small boy, but Henry's expression showed no remorse. Belch finally let go of Richie, who immediately ran to Eddie's side. To top it off, Henry spat in Eddie's face, and with that, the four older boys got in their car and drove away.

Eddie was barely conscious as Richie knelt beside him, his face red from both anger and the tears he'd shed as he watched his best friend get pummeled to near death. Each breath Eddie drew was a shaky wheeze, and Richie reached up to gently touch his face. "Hold on, Eds. I'm going to go get some help."

The brunette could hear the other boy's foot steps as he ran to his bike and the gravel underneath the tires as he sped away to the nearest payphone to call an ambulance. He knew that if he tried to move, it wouldn't end well, so he remained still, trying to stay awake. He knew falling asleep with a concussion (which he was sure he had) was a very, very bad idea. His body continued to shake, whether it was from the trauma or pain, he wasn't sure. All he wanted was to not hurt, and to have Richie by his side.

"Richie... Please hurry," he whimpered, his voice cracking painfully as tears fell from his eyes and onto the gravel below him.

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"I'm going to murder him, Eds. I really fucking am."

Eddie rolled his eyes at Richie's words, but felt his skin warm at the sentiment behind them. He'd been in the hospital for over a week (he would have been out sooner, but his mother argued with the doctor to let him stay longer), and he was starting to get restless. Henry had left him with a broken nose, a few broken ribs, a black eye, and various bruises all over. His neck was in a brace, and his forehead was wrapped with gauze. His mother was planning on pressing charges against him, but Eddie knew it wouldn't help. If anything, it would just make it worse.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Richie. You'd fail, and then he'd come after you..."

He definitely didn't want that to happen. He couldn't imagine how Richie felt watching him get his ass kicked by Henry. He knew he wouldn't be able to handle it if that happened.

"I could take him. You don't think I could?" He seemed offended at the notion, and Eddie just smiled.

The rest of the group had already come to see him and offer comforting words a couple of times, but Richie was there every day, for hours. It made Eddie extremely happy every time he saw him come in, and they'd spend those hours talking about various things. What games they'd play at the arcade once he got out of the hospital, various scenarios in which Richie described beating Henry's ass while his friends watched, and so on.

A few times, when Eddie's mother went home to rest and shower, Richie would climb into the hospital bed with him and take a nap with him. That was Eddie's favorite thing, and a part of him wished it would never end. He felt safe with Richie right there, close enough to smell his familiar smell and fall into an untroubled sleep.

"Thanks, Rich... For being there," Eddie said suddenly, causing Richie to pause in the middle of his sentence and stare at him. The smaller boy moved to sit up a little more, wincing a bit as a wave of pain hit his ribs, but he kept his gaze on Richie. "If you hadn't been there, he probably would have killed me... You saved my life." Tears formed in his eyes as he spoke the words, his emotions hitting him all at once. He was just so *grateful* for Richie, to have him as his best friend.

Richie was silent as he spoke, and once Eddie finished, without a second thought, the spectacled boy moved toward him and pressed his lips firmly against the other boy's. Eddie froze at the contact, his eyes wide. Was this really happening, right now? Richie pulled away a few moments later and they stared at each other, not knowing what to say. Eddie swallowed hard, and Richie just grinned, raising a brow at him.

"I must be a pretty good kisser, huh?"

Eddie's response was not what Richie had expected; the brunette

started to laugh, seeming to forget about the pain in his ribs. Richie blushed heavily, rubbing the back of his head nervously. Eddie noticed this and shook his head in disbelief, finally gaining his composure.

“Do you know how long I’ve been waiting for you to do that?” he asked, staring at him. Richie’s jaw dropped, dumbfounded at his words.

“Se-Seriously?”

Eddie nodded again, his eyes bright for the first time in over a week. His heart was racing wildly in his chest as he pulled Richie in for another kiss, closing his eyes and savoring the way Richie melted into it.

Eddie’s dreams had literally become reality, and even though this wasn’t *exactly* how he thought it would happen, he was happy, nonetheless. In fact...

This was the happiest day of his life.